FALSE AND TRUE,

A PLAY

IN THREE ACTS,

NOW PERFORMING AT

THE THEATRE ROYAL, HAY-MARKET.

FOURTH EDITION.

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M.DCC.XCVIII.

BRITISH MUSEUM

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Count Benini, -	Mr. MUNDEN.
Marcheſe Caliari,	Mr. BARRYMORE.
Count Florenzi, -	Mr. TRUEMAN.
Lealto, - -	Mr. C. KEMBLE.
Tomaſo, - -	Mr. DAVENPORT.
Malevole, - -	Mr. WALDRON, jun.
O'Rafarty, - -	Mr. JOHNSTONE.
Nicolo, - -	Mr. D'ARCY.
Lupo, - -	Mr. LEDGER.
1ſt Aſſaſſin, - -	Mr. CAULFIELD.
2d Ditto, - -	Mr. ABBOT.
3d Ditto, - -	Mr. CHIPPINDALE.
4th Ditto, [mute]	
Chairman, - -	Mr. KNIGHT.
1ſt Mob, - -	Mr. LYONS.
2d Ditto, - -	
3d Ditto, - -	
4th Ditto, - -	

Juliana, - -	Miſs HEARD.
Lauretta, - -	Miſs GRIFFITHS.
Marcheſa Veteria,	Mrs. DAVENPORT.
Janetta, - -	Mrs. BLAND.

SCENE—NAPLES.

FALSE AND TRUE.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Street.—Carnival Time.—Stage filled with Characters.*

GLEE.

Mirth and revelry abounding,
Notes of jollity reſounding,
Here we trip in frolic meaſure,
Ev'ry ſenſe alive to pleaſure:
Oh the merry Carnival!

Fools of care, bid ſorrow periſh!
Here each lively rapture cheriſh;
Dance and ſong, and jeſt enjoying,
And with melting beauty toying,
At the merry Carnival.

Enter JULIANA *with* CALIARI *maſked following her.*

JULIANA.

BE gone, and trouble me no more!

CAL. I conjure you to hear me.

JUL. I have heard more than I ought. While your converſation conſiſted of common-place gal-

lantry, I bore the dull intruſion with the patient civility cuſtom preſcribes. "I conſidered your "ſtring of compliments as the uſual bribes of-"fered a woman's vanity by men who are unable "to amuſe her imagination or gratify her under-"ſtanding;" hoping, when you had repeated all you remembered, you would quit me, to offer your unmeaning devotions at ſome other ſhrine. But your ſerious declaration of love——

CAL. Is a profeſſion of faith in which I am prepared to die a martyr.

JUL. I inſiſt on your leaving me.

CAL. Impoſſible, till you liſten to me with more kindneſs.

JUL. Inſufferable! Who are you, Sir, that dare torment me thus?

CAL. How happy ſhould I be to acknowledge myſelf, were not your enquiry prompted by reſentment!

JUL. I will no longer ſuffer this intruſion.

[*Going.*

CAL. Stay, beauteous Juliana!

JUL. Unhand me, Sir! nor dare again (whoever you are) inſult me with your prepoſterous paſſion. [*Exit* Juliana.

CAL. [*Unmaſking.*] So, not a ray of hope? Fool that I am, how could I expect it? Do not I know her affection for another? And could I think her poſſeſſed of levity ſo monſtrous as to be won from a long-favoured lover by the abrupt proteſtations of an unknown maſquer? But the fever of paſſion phrenſies the underſtanding. Still I have to thank my ſmall remains of prudence which reſtrained me from diſcovering myſelf.

Enter

Enter Count BENINI *talking to the Maſquerade Characters who are paſſing at the top of the Stage.*

BEN. [*To one of the Ladies.*] Ah! you charming rogue, if your face is as pretty as your ſhape, (which I dare ſwear it is) what a ſhame to hide it! [*To another who is dancing acroſs.*] Ah! nimble feet, I ſhould like to be your partner! [*Begins capering. Sees* Caliari.] Marcheſe Caliari, well met—Plague take it, what makes you look ſo gloomy?—Melancholy in maſquerade is as much out of character as Signior Punchinello would be at a funeral.

CAL. No one can continue melancholy in your company, Count Benini: Your vivacity makes age not only agreeable but enviable.

BEN. Age! You are a lucky fellow at a compliment. I ſhould have thought over a great many perfections before I had pitched upon his age to compliment a man on. But, leaving my age to all the advantages which appertain to it, pray what makes you ſo melancholy?

CAL. I am in love: 'Tis that makes me melancholy.

BEN. I am in love; and that makes me ſo friſky.—Hang love, or hang any thing that doesn't make a man merry.—But you ought to have more friendſhip than to be ſad now, when Count Florenzi is ſo near marriage with my daughter Juliana.

CAL. A fine ſource of happineſs to me! [*Aſide.*

BEN. Well, Juliana is a fine girl, and a good girl, and a ſenſible girl, though I am her father, which makes it the more remarkable; and Florenzi, your friend, is a noble fellow, and deſerves ſuch a girl.—Why, you don't ſeem happy yet, though I am praiſing your friend.

CAL. You wrong me: My friend's happineſs is

mine. Would to heaven the object which cauſes it were mine! [*Aſide.*]—Then you are determined to give him your daughter as ſoon as he returns to Naples?

BEN. To be ſure, I am.—Now you are happy.

CAL. Beyond expreſſion.

BEN. Beyond expreſſion it ſhould ſeem; for, to ſay truth, you give one a very diſtant glimpſe of it.

CAL. But, Count Benini, are you ſo far attached to the intereſt of my friend, that, ſhould an offer come from a perſon ſuperior in rank and fortune to Florenzi, you would reject it?

BEN. I'll tell you what, Marquis: Rank and fortune have their weight with me; but they become light as a feather when oppoſed to my honour and the happineſs of my child.

CAL. You delight me by your aſſurances.

BEN. Do I? Why then I muſt ſay you bear delight with more philoſophic gravity than any man I ever met with. Really, Marquis, if I did not know you were Florenzi's deareſt friend, I ſhould ſuppoſe it to be Juliana you were in love with, and wiſhed to ſupplant him.

CAL. But, as you know my friendſhip for Florenzi, you can't ſuppoſe me guilty.

BEN. Of ſuch a damned raſcally intention indeed I do not. But with whom are you in love? Nay, if it is a ſecret, don't tell me; but nevertheleſs I will truſt you with my paſſion—It is for a rich crummy old widow, Marcheſa Veteria.

CAL. Veteria! Well, Count, I hope your ſuit will proſper.

BEN. I deſerve it; for my motive is good. She has a bad knack of hoarding: That never was

my

my way. I want riches to anſwer the only purpoſe they are good for—to fly about briſkly, that every body may have a ſhare; and, if I once get hers out of confinement, they ſhall never be impriſoned again with my conſent.

CAL. To incumber yourſelf with an old lady, to make others the better for her wealth, is being very public-ſpirited indeed.

BEN. Every body ought to be public-ſpirited —Plague on the ſelfiſh mortals who live for themſelves alone!—I have a ſmack of the old Roman—a ſecond Quintus Curtius, ready to take any leap for the good of my country. [*Exit* Benini.

CAL. Loſt for ever! Juliana muſt be Florenzi's. —Then what is Caliari? Can I bear to loſe her? Can I endure to ſee her in the arms of another? No: Rather let Death approach me armed with his grimmeſt terrors!—Florenzi loves me—He is my friend—I loved him too, who is now the deſtroyer of my peace, whoſe happier fortune goads me to madneſs.—Does not nature—does not reaſon bid me hate the being that gives me torture? And hating, why not—deſtroy?—Ha! Florenzi's eye-lids cloſed, Juliana may be mine. There ſhot a gleam of joy into my boſom, and my heart thrills with pleaſure at the thought of—murder! the murder of my friend!—Horror! Horror! Diſtraction rages in my brain, and all is anarchy. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*Another Street.*

Enter Marcheſa VETERIA *and* JANETTA.

VET. I proteſt it is quite fatiguing walking in Carnival time. A woman of my figure and appearance

pearance can't move a ſtep without being peſtered with the obtruſive aſſiduity of a dozen pert coxcombs—I am tired to death with their troubleſome attentions.

JAN. Lord, Ma'am, how different I feel from your Ladyſhip!—They would not tire me if they were twenty times as troubleſome.

VET. Don't talk ſo giddily, child. Look at me, and learn decorum. I'll ſhew you how to keep the fops at a diſtance.

JAN. Yes, Ma'am, I know you can eaſily keep them at a diſtance by taking off your maſk; but when I take off mine they only throng round me the more.

VET. I keep them away by taking off my maſk! What do you mean, huſſy? [*Aſide.*]

JAN. Oh! Lord, what have I ſaid? I mean, Ma'am—I mean—that when you unmaſk they ſee ſo much dignity in your countenance that it ſtrikes them with awe, and makes them know how to keep their diſtance.

VET. Why, yes, child, there is a great deal of propriety in that obſervation; and as there is ſomebody approaching, and I don't wiſh to be too awful, I'll e'en put it on again.

Enter BENINI.

BEN. There ſhe is—there is my Lady Veteria, there is my mark, and a good fair mark ſhe is—I muſt be a bungler indeed if I miſs my aim.—But hold, hold—Softly, Signior Benini—Though love and war are ſomewhat oppoſite in their nature, a little fineſſe is uſeful in both. "Your old ſoldiers "are mightily fond of a maſqued battery. By "carrying a fair face to the enemy, you allure

" them into your power, and then you may fire " away—when, if you were to ſhew them the ſtate " of the fortreſs in all its grimneſs, the devil a bit " could you coax them to come near you." Now for the attack [*maſking.*] Madam, I always thought the almanack-makers a ſet of blockheads, and here is an inſtance of it. I am now witneſs of an eclipſe which they never foretold.

VET. Sir, what do you mean?

BEN. When the Lady Veteria is maſqued, the brighteſt of luminaries is then in eclipſe. Burſt from the darkneſs which obſcures you, and again illuminate the world with your luſtre.

VET. [*Takes off her maſk*, Ben. *ſtarts.*]

BEN. [*Aſide.*] That was too abrupt—I was not prepared for ſuch a ſudden ſhock.

VET. What do you ſhrink from, Sir?

BEN. From the full blaze of your beauty.

VET. Oh, Sir, you are the very prince of compliment.

BEN. Sincerity, Madam, is all I boaſt [*coughing*]. I never told a lie in my life but it was near choking me. Well, now I am in for it, I may as well get on [*Aſide.*]—Oh, Madam, Oh, my Lady Veteria, you have pierced this heart through and through with your charms.

VET. Oh, dear Sir, can my charms have ſuch piercing power?

BEN. Be convinced of your influence, behold at your feet an adoring lover [*He kneels with difficulty*] who vows never to move from this poſture till you condeſcend to raiſe him. [*Aſide*] Come, there is no lie in that, for I am ſure I can't get up again without help.

VET. What can I ſay?

BEN.

BEN. Pray have pity on me. [*feeling very uneaſy.*]

VET. What ſhall I do?

BEN. Do raiſe me up.

VET. I really have compaſſion for you.

BEN. Upon my ſoul I need it. Do raiſe me up.

VET. But how can I forgive myſelf for being ſo precipitate?

BEN. You are not half precipitate enough—Won't you raiſe me up?

VET. Well, your ſufferings have overcome me—There's my hand, and I aſſure you my heart is influenced.—[*Raiſing him, his maſk drops off.*] Count Benini!

BEN. [*rubbing his knees.*] I am afraid I ſhall never be able to ſtand ſtraight again.

VET. Tormenting diſappointment! But I might have known by his being ſo polite, and paying ſuch handſome compliments, that he was of the old ſchool. What do you mean by inſulting me in this manner?

BEN. Inſulting you! Do you call making love to you, and kneeling at your feet till I have loſt the uſe of my limbs, inſulting you?

VET. Ridiculous dotard!

BEN. Here's a change in a moment! Why, this very inſtant you were all love and tenderneſs, and now you look like a fury.

VET. Your inſolence is inſufferable. Leave me, you antiquated buffoon.

BEN. Don't call names, pray; for, if we once get to that work, I don't know but you may have the worſt of it.

VET. I inſiſt, Sir, that I may never again be inſulted

insulted by your absurd solicitations—Ridiculous creature! [*Exeunt* VET. *and* JANETTA.

BEN. [*calling after her.*] Don't be afraid: I sha'n't be ridiculous enough to make love a second time to an old woman who don't know how to receive it as a favour. Damn it, if I had made love to a young thing, I should deserve to have been scouted and abused; but to be scoffed at by an old woman that can count wrinkle for wrinkle with me—Oh, there is no bearing it! Well, though you won't let me be your husband, I will be a match for you some way yet, my old girl. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*View of the Bay and Mount Vesuvius.*

Enter CALIARI *muffled up in a Cloak.*

CAL. 'Tis fixed—He dies. Once, when my bosom was unruffled by passion—untormented with the stings of mad desire, had the thought of murder, and of the murder of Florenzi, glanced on my mind, how impossible should I have deemed it, that any bribe the world could offer should urge me to the deed! Oh, man! How little knowest thou the frailty of thy nature!—When unallured, an angel—tempted, a devil.—Here, come my fellow fiends—wretches, whose trade is murder, who with their poignards carve their daily food.

Enter two Assassins.

CAL. I have possessed you where to post yourselves—let your numbers be sufficient—Receive this as earnest of my further bounty—When Flo-

renzi is dispatched your reward shall be beyond your hopes. [*Exit.*

1st Ass. Truly, as kind and civil-spoken a gentleman as I would wish to do business for.

2d Ass. How has Florenzi offended him, I wonder, that he pays so well for his death?

1st Ass. I never before knew you enquire into matters that did not concern you. That is the gentleman's own affair. We have only to execute honestly the business we are paid for, and our conscience is satisfied.

2d Ass. True—but what shall we do for hands? —You know we have lately lost several of our comrades (poor lads!) by an accident the best of us are liable to.

1st Ass. I saw a devilish strong built fellow walking on the quay this morning—an Irishman just landed—He would answer our purpose—I wish we could inlist him; and I have great hope, for he seemed very poor.

2d Ass. Then we are sure of him. Villainy soon gets house-room where poverty dwells.

1st Ass. Stand back, this is he!

Enter O'Rafarty.

O'Raf. Oh, Paddy, Paddy! what are you to do in a strange country without the price of a potatoe in your pocket? I have had the devil's own luck in getting to this same Naples; for there is hardly another spot in the creation but I might have got an honest living by putting a knot on my head, or trotting between a pair of poles. But here, by my fait, poor Paddy has nothing to look for in that way. Your Latza-Latza-roni as they call 'em are as tight lads (devil burn 'em!) for carrying a bit

of

of a budget as if they had been bred and born on Ormond Quay, or the Liberty. Oh Paddy, Paddy, what tender heart will beſtow a thirteen on you to keep you a week from ſtarving?

1ſt Ass. This fellow will do for us. A ſtout dog, and without a meal's victuals! 'Tis hunger makes heroes.—Good day, fellow.

O'Raf. It may be a good day to your honour, but 'tis a bitter bad one to poor Paddy.

1ſt Ass. Don't droop—There is in every country an honeſt penny to be earned by a brave man.

O'Raf. I am a brave man, ſo give me the honeſt penny.

2d Ass. Ay, and you ſhall earn it like a gentleman.

O'Raf. Oh, that is comfortable. Paddy loves a genteel employment.

1ſt Ass. You muſt fight for us.

O'Raf. I don't ſuppoſe I am to be paid for nothing.

1ſt Ass. You're the fellow for our purpoſe.—There. [*Gives him money.*]

O'Raf. Oh, Paddy, you are now in luck's way.

1ſt Ass. And there. [*Giving him a poignard.*]

O'Raf. What is this for? What am I to do with this?

1ſt Ass. I'll tell you. We ſhall ſteal on the man we are to kill from ſome place of concealment, and then plunge all our poignards in him.

O'Raf. Oh, you bloody Turks!—you cowardly butchering—murdering vagabonds!——Is this your fighting? And do you think that Paddy O'Rafarty, though he wants a morſel of bread, will buy it at this rate?—No, I *can* ſtarve, but I *can't* murder. [*Throws down the money and poignard.*]

1ſt Ass.

1ſt Aſs. A mighty ſilly fellow this, and has ſeen very little of the world—Come, we muſt look elſewhere. [*Exeunt 2 Aſſaſſins.*

O'RAFARTY *alone.*

O'RAF. Get along with you, you dirty rapſcallions!—So, they call ſticking a man in the back fighting—Oh, they have mighty bothered notions of things here. I am ſo hungry now, that if it was not for family pride, and my natural baſhfulneſs, I could find in my heart to make my tongue a petitioner for the cravings of my belly.

Enter BENINI.

BEN. Plague take all impertinent ſkittiſh old widows!—A ſilly jade, to refuſe me for a huſband!—Well, hang it, I am not uſed to be vexed at trifles—The old girl's repulſe ſha'n't ſpoil my dinner.

O'RAF. If you think there is a chance of that, Sir, you'd better let me go and eat it for you; for it is a pity a good dinner ſhould be loſt.

BEN. And who the devil are you that chuſe to meddle with my dinner?

O'RAF. A poor ſtranger that wants one.

BEN. Then you ſha'n't want it long. No ſtranger ſhall go without a dinner while I have one to give him.

O'RAF. The bleſſing of St. Patrick be with you!

BEN. But who are you, friend?

O'RAF. A poor Iriſhman, Heaven ſpeed me!

BEN. And how came you to Naples?

O'RAF. All, pleaſe your honour—all by my knowledge

knowledge of *ſimilitude*. If I had been an ignorant fellow that did not know *compariſements*, I ſhould have been ſafe now in our family cellar on the Blind Quay, in Dublin; but, devil burn it, I muſt be ſhewing my *iearning*.

BEN. How, pray?

O'RAF. I'll tell your honour the long and the ſhort of it.—I went from my own country to England on an *agricultural ſpeculation*—to be a haymaker, an' pleaſe you. And having realized a ſplendid property, a matter of thirty-three thirteens, I wanted to go back to Ireland to enjoy it. So I went to Wapping to take a paſſage by long ſea (and, i'faith, a fine long ſea paſſage I have had of it)—So into a public houſe goes I—What the devil was the ſign?—The—the——

BEN. Never mind the ſign.

O'RAF. I am ſorry I forgot, Sir; for I love to be *circumſcriptious*.—So, to be ſure, I muſt take a few noggins of whiſky with the landlord, and I told him I was come to take my paſſage for a voyage; and to ſhew him I knew what is what, I began relating to him what a likeneſs there was between the bay of Dublin and the bay of Naples (and, to be ſure, I find now they are as like as two potatoes)—And ſo, as I ſwallowed the whiſky, I ſomehow got a jumbling the names together—Dublin and Naples, and Naples and Dublin, till I got bothered, your honour; and then it was natural enough, you know, when they axed me where I wanted to go to, to ſay one name for the other.

BEN. So you ſaid Naples inſtead of Dublin?—Ha! ha! ha!

O'RAF. Why, pleaſe your honour, when a man is drunkiſh, he don't ſtand upon a word, right or wrong,

wrong. So into a ſhip I was carried, as drunk as a lord, and there I lay ſea-ſick in the hold—I thought, to be ſure, our paſſage was a devil of a long one—At laſt I heard 'em ſay we were within ſight of the bay—Oh, then, I was ſo overjoyed, I jumped out to look at it.—Ah, ſays I, there it is, ſure enough! But what the devil is the hill of Hoath about?—It uſed to be a civil peaceable kind of a mountain, but all of a ſudden it is turned a curſed ſpit-fire.—Hill of Hoath! ſaid they, you blundering thief, that is Mount Veſuvius you are looking at.—Botheration to you, ſays I—Don't I know the hill of Hoath from the day of my birth?—Veſuvius is at Naples, ſaid I.—To be ſure, ſaid they; and a'n't we all at Naples? So, when they landed me, they took all my money for my paſſage; and here I am without a teſter.

BEN. Ha, ha! A pretty blundering voyage.—Well, my good fellow, you ſha'n't want—There is money for the preſent, and meet me here this time to-morrow; and I will think in the mean while how to provide for you. [*Exit.*

O'RAF. Bleſs your kind ſoul! Here was a friend to meet in my tribulation! Well, I will go and get ſome dinner, and then look about at the curioſities of the land I am driven to. Oh! how little my brothers and ſiſters on the Blind Quay think where poor Paddy O'Rafarty is at this preſent writing! [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—*A Vineyard with a Cottage.*

LAURETTA *diſcovered.*

LAUR. How tedioufly creep the hours in the abſence of my dear Lealto!—And then my terror at

at the dangers he is expoſed to in the battle's fury! Oh! how my poor heart is tortured!

SONG.

When, alas! my true-love left me,
He of every joy bereft me:
Conſtant fear my heart alarms.
Guardian angels, hover near him;
In the hour of battle cheer him,
And reſtore him to my arms.

Then return'd my cares to baniſh,
Every ſorrow ſtraight will vaniſh;
Roſy ſun-ſhine gilds my day:
Airy pleaſure
Fills the meaſure
Of my ruſtic roundelay.

Enter TOMASO.

TOMA. Lauretta, daughter Lauretta, here is my boy, my ſon!—Your brother is returned from the wars, my girl!

Enter NICOLO.

LAUR. Welcome, welcome, my dear brother!

NIC. Well, my ſweet girl, here I am; come home to you at laſt.

LAUR. What joy it gives me to hold my dear Nicolo once more in my arms!

NIC. There will ſoon be ſomebody here that you will like better to hold in your arms. Nay, don't bluſh, girl: The deuce is in it if a brother ſhould not give place to a lover. The Count Florenzi is hourly expected, and with him comes your faithful Lealto.

LAUR. Then I ſhall be completely happy. Is he well?—Has he eſcaped quite ſafe?

NIC.

NIC. Poor fellow, he has only loſt——

LAUR. Loſt what?

NIC. Nothing but his heart; and that you robbed him of before he left Naples. He is in high favour with the Count Florenzi, I can tell you—his prime confident; and if ever man deſerved a maſter's love and confidence, it is Lealto.

TOMA. Lealto was always a good lad.

LAUR. That he was, dear father.

TOMA. Yes; and I hope he takes care of the main chance—keeps his money in his pocket.

LAUR. Yes, that he does, father; except when the diſtreſs of a fellow-creature won't let him.

TOMA. Ah! but Lealto is prime favourite to the General: He muſt get plenty of money; and he muſt hold it faſt too, or he won't do for my ſon-in-law.

LAUR. Lord, father, you would not have him mean and ſtingy!—Liberality, father——

TOMA. Yes, yes, liberality ſounds very finely; but I like no ſuch gadding virtue. Liberality is always making ſtrangers' tables ſmoke with good living; while it leaves nothing but cold fare at home.

LAUR. Ah! father, but how delicious is any fare with the ſauce of content to it!

NIC. But, ſiſter, how is my pretty Janetta?—Is ſhe ſtill with the Marcheſa Veteria?

LAUR. Yes; and as anxious for your return as you could wiſh.

TRIO.

LAUR. Oh! how delighted will ſhe be,
Her lover dear again to ſee!

NIC. What rapture I ſhall quickly prove,
To claſp once more my conſtant love!

TOMA

TOMA. What nonſenſe all this love-ſick prattle!
Come, let me hear about the battle.

NIC. Father, no. The battle over,
The ſoldier changes to the lover.

TOMA. Pſha!—Talk to me of cannon's thunder.

LAUR. Father, how you make me wonder!
You ſuch ſhocking things delight in.

TOMA. Oh! I love to hear of fighting!

NIC. I turn away from thoughts diſtreſſing,

LAUR. To peace, and love, and ev'ry bleſſing.

TOMA. Sure you may a little tell us,
How you thump'd about the fellows.

NIC. Oh! no; I turn from thoughts diſtreſſing,

LAUR. To peace, and love, and ev'ry bleſſing.

ALL. Then let us turn from thoughts diſtreſſing
To peace, and love, and ev'ry bleſſing.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*A Park, with a diſtant View of a Houſe.*

Enter 2d, 3d *and* 4th ASSASSINS *on one Side*, 1ſt ASSASSIN *on the other.*

1ſt Aſs. He is here, I tell you. Florenzi is here: I ſaw him diſmount, and order his attendants to go on; that he would walk through the avenue to Count Benini's houſe.

2d Aſs. He is in haſte to ſee his miſtreſs, Lady Juliana. He little thinks he will never ſee her in this world.

1ſt Aſs. Shall we attack him now? He ordered one ſervant to attend him; that makes two; and we are only *four*: it is very dangerous.

2d Aſs. It is curſed provoking that he ſhould come earlier than we expected. The reſt of our comrades will not be here this half-hour. Shall we give it up?

3d Ass. No, no; we may come upon them before they are aware without any danger. Stand back! He is here and alone. What luck!

[*They retire.*

Enter FLORENZI.

FLOR. In a few moments I ſhall again behold my deareſt Juliana. The delicious hour I have ſo long panted for is at length arrived. How my heart beats! And exceſs of joy makes my trembling limbs ſcarce able to perform their office.

1ſt Ass. We could not have met him at a fitter time. [*As* Florenzi *walks on,* Aſſaſſins *come down the ſtage, and ſteal after him with their poignards drawn.*]

Enter LEALTO.

LEAL. Holloa, maſter!—You are attacked!—Guard yourſelf!—Stand off, villains! [*Snatches a poignard from the one neareſt* Florenzi, *and places himſelf between* Florenzi *and* Aſſaſſins. *They put up their poignards and draw their ſwords.* Florenzi *and* Lealto *preſs on them, and drive them off the ſtage.* Lealto *is wounded.*]

LEAL. Maſter, this is rather an unkind welcome home. I ſuppoſe they think our campaign has made us ſo fond of fighting that we can't live without it; and ſo they gave us this little touch as a compliment. Devil take their civility! ſay I.

FLOR. A rough reception truly, after a year's abſence!—But, Lealto, you are wounded.

LEAL. [*Looking at his hand, which is bleeding.*] Oh, a trifle! But this was mean as a compliment too, I dare ſay. They have heard I eſcaped unhurt from the enemy; ſo in kindneſs to my reputation, for fear people ſhould ſay I had ſeen no

ſervice,

ſervice, they have given me this ſoldier-like mark to ſhew to my friends. I don't doubt but they would gladly have carried their civility farther, and have entitled me to be buried with the honours of war.

FLOR. Though wounded, you, like a true ſoldier, ſtill retain the trophy of victory.

LEAL. Yes, and 'tis a trophy I'll never part with. This is the weapon that was neareſt your heart.

FLOR. My good fellow, your courage has ſaved my life; and you ſhall find me not ungrateful.

LEAL. My dear maſter, when your life is ſaved by a ſtranger, you may then think it proper to pay compliments, and talk of being grateful. I am your ſervant; and to defend my maſter's life, at the riſk of my own, is only my duty, and merits no more praiſe than being reckoned in one day's work well done. [*Exeunt.*

END *of the* FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment in* Count BENINI's *House.*

JULIANA *and* FLORENZI.

FLORENZI.

I HAVE given orders to purſue the ruffians who attacked me. After 'ſcaping all the perils of the war, to have fallen by treachery juſt at the moment I expected from thy dear lips my welcome home, would have been a cruel fate.

JUL. Oh! my Florenzi, the tumult of my fluttered ſpirits will not allow me power to expreſs my joy to ſee you!—Let this embrace ſpeak that, and let my humble knee and ſwelling heart ſhew Heaven my gratitude for your deliverance.

FLOR. My deareſt Juliana! they only who love like me can know the ecſtacy this moment gives!

Enter BENINI *and* CALIARI.

BEN. Welcome, my dear ſon!

CAL. My friend!

BEN. So we find, though the wars are over, they won't let you leave off playing the ſoldier. Your countrymen, it appears, have heard you act the part ſo well, that they are troubling you to give them a touch of it. Damn the rogues, I wiſh you had touched them to the quick!

CAL.

CAL. Who can the villains be?—Their motive muſt have been plunder.

FLOR. I know not their deſign, except my life; which muſt have been their prey, but for Lealto's ſkill and courage.

JUL. Generous, brave Lealto!

CAL. [*Aſide.*] Curſe on his faith and bravery!—He muſt be removed, and ſpeedily.

JUL. My dear Florenzi, you are much beholden to the Marquis for his kind attentions to me: He ſought, as much as friendſhip could, to alleviate the gloom your abſence cauſed.

FLOR. My generous friend!

CAL. Their praiſes wring my heart [*Aſide.*]—But come, Florenzi, you muſt glad the public eye with a ſight of their brave ſoldier, and receive the flattering tribute your ſervice merits.

FLOR. 'Tis here I find it. While others feel their height of joy in the loud ſhout that hails the victor home; in the honourable praiſe of an approving ſenate; or the ſplendid badges of royal favour; the lover ſtill owns a dearer recompenſe: He boaſts the glory of being leſs unworthy of his miſtreſs's love.

Enter LEALTO.

LEAL. My lord Florenzi, the villains have been purſued, but without ſucceſs.

FLOR. Here is my deliverer.

LEAL. Dear my lord, don't talk ſo.

JUL. My good Lealto, never can I repay thy gallant ſervice. Wear for my ſake this ring; a ſmall trophy of thy valour, and a pledge of my future gratitude.

LEAL. Madam—your ladyſhip—you overpower me

me—Your goodneſs—I declare I had almoſt rather have been killed, ſo my maſter had eſcaped, than hear myſelf praiſed ſo much more than I deſerve.

JUL. Your praiſe or your reward can never equal your deſert.

LEAL. I'll take it as a great favour if you won't mention it any more, my Lady.

JUL. Noble fellow!

BEN. Ay, and he is a merry fellow too—I know him of old; and I never knew a merry fellow that had not a good heart.

FLOR. Public buſineſs now demands me—I ſoon ſhall fly with rapture to your arms.

BEN. Well, well, you ſhall be married in a day or two; and then we ſhall hear no more of theſe raptures.

FLOR. You don't think ſo, Sir?

BEN. To ſay truth, I do not; for I know you have too much ſenſe, as well as goodneſs, to love a woman leſs, becauſe the contract of your inclinations is ratified by the laws of your country, and ſanctioned by Heaven. [*Exeunt*—Juliana *on one ſide*; Benini, Florenzi, Caliari, *and* Lealto, *on the other.*]

SCENE II.—*Street.*

Enter NICOLO *and* JANETTA.

NIC. Well, my ſweet little girl, and have you been very conſtant to me?

JAN. Oh, prodigiouſly! I am quite ſurpriſed myſelf when I think of it. Only fancy, I have never once wiſhed for a new lover, though you have been abſent a whole year: Let every young lady lay her hand to her heart and ſay as much.

SONG.

SONG.—JANETTA.

When miſs's lover's call'd away,
She's in a woeful taking;
No comfort knows ſhe, night nor day;
Poor thing! her heart is breaking.

A few weeks paſt, her breaſt, ſerene,
Partakes of ev'ry pleaſure:
She mingles in the mirthful ſcene,
And leads the feſtive meaſure.

Her partner offers her his hand,
To pair in life's cotillon:
Who ſuch a huſband could withſtand?
Why, he's worth half a million!

Her former lover ſhould ſhe ſpy,
While ſhe an airing's taking;
Sure that's the man, ſhe'll yawning cry,
For whom my heart was breaking.

[Nicolo *and* Janetta *retire.*

Enter BENINI.

BEN. A thought has jumped into my crazy old pate, which may lead to ſome mirth with this Lady Veteria, who has uſed me ſo cavalierly.—Ah! is not that her maid?—Now then to ſet the buſineſs afloat.

JAN. Well, good b'ye now, dear Nicolo! But mind you let me ſee you this afternoon.

NIC. Moſt ſurely—Farewell till then, dear Janetta! [*Exit* Nicolo *on one ſide.* Janetta, *going off at the other, is ſtopped by* Benini.]

BEN. Ah! you *young* rogue!

JAN. Ah! you *old* gentleman! [*Paſſing on.*]

BEN. Where are you running ſo faſt?

JAN. Run with me, and you will know.

BEN. You are very quick.

JAN.

JAN. Moſt people are when they are running.

BEN. But your tongue runs faſter than your feet.

JAN. Did you ever know a woman's that did not?

BEN. [*Laying hold of her.*] Stop! Stop!—Do check the pace of your tongue and your heels both, or I ſhall be no match for you.

JAN. A match for me! [*Checking a laugh.*] Lord! Sir, you think of nothing but matches; I ſhould be a worſe match for you than my miſtreſs.

BEN. Av, ay! I have found out the match your miſtreſs wants—I wondered at firſt ſhe would not have me!

JAN. Did you, Sir? Well, now I did not wonder at it at all.

BEN. What, then you have heard of this young foreigner of diſtinction, that is in love with her?

JAN. Lord! Sir—Is there ſuch a perſon?

BEN. You pretend not to know. Oh! you are a cloſe baggage, you keep your miſtreſs's ſecrets.

JAN. If this be true, Sir, ſhe knows how to keep her own ſecrets; for ſhe never told me a word about it.

BEN. Then you'll ſay nothing to her?

JAN. Oh! not a ſyllable, Sir—A foreigner, you ſay, Sir?

BEN. Yes.

JAN. Of great diſtinction?

BEN. Prodigious!

JAN. And young, Sir?

BEN. Oh! very young!

JAN. Lord! Sir, then nobody now can wonder ſhe would not have you!

DUET.

DUET.

BENINI *and* JANETTA.

JAN. I ne'er knew a lady by two lovers preſt, Sir,
Who did not conclude that the youngeſt was beſt, Sir.

BEN. Pſha! Boys to the ſex behave rude, or neglect 'em;
While men of my age always bow and reſpect 'em.

JAN. Your cauſe of politeneſs you don't truly ſtate, Sir;
You bow, to be ſure—'cauſe you can't ſtand up ſtraight, Sir.

BEN. I'm ſtraight as an arrow—

JAN. Now don't ſtrain your back, Sir.

BEN. Why, what ſhould I fear?

JAN. Some ſinew will crack, Sir.

BEN. You ſaucy young rogue, I'm as friſky as ever;
And never look'd better in all my life, never.

JAN. Then, indeed, I muſt ſay, if you're telling the truth, Sir;
You ſure muſt have been a moſt reverend youth, Sir.

[*Exit.*

BEN. Ha! ha! ha! If the old carp bites as freely as the young gudgeon, I ſhall have a fine diſh of diverſion.

Enter O'RAFARTY, *purſued by a Mob.*

MOB. Hang him! Burn him! Drown him!

BEN. What is all this uproar?

1ſt MOB. Drag him away, and throw him into the ſea.

2d MOB. Ay, ay, drown him!

3d MOB. Hang him!

4th MOB. Burn him!

O'RAF. Either will be ſufficient, gentlemen, you need not trouble yourſelves to do all; but what the devil am I to be hang'd and drown'd and burn'd for?

BEN. [*to Mob.*] Stand off—Leave him alone; What is his offence?

Mob. Sacrilege! Sacrilege!

Ben. Whatever his crime, I as a magiſtrate will take charge of him.—Diſperſe—away!

[*Exeunt Mob.*

O'Raf. By my faith and troth I believe your honour is St. Patrick in diſguiſe, come to preſerve a poor Iriſhman in a ſtrange place!—Heaven keep you, whoever you are; for you have ſaved me from all the deaths in this life—from ſtarving firſt, and then from drowning and hanging and burning!

Ben. But they accuſe you of ſacrilege! If you have been guilty I can't protect you.

O'Raf. I'll tell your honour the whole truth—I was walking by a good-looking place that ſeemed like a church, and ſo ſaid I to myſelf, Pat, have you not ſome buſineſs here? Have not you in a ſtrange country been ſaved from ſtarving by a kind gentleman's bounty, and ſhould not you thank Heaven for putting ſuch goodneſs into his heart?—Don't be ſurpriſed, Sir! I am a poor man, and therefore have not forgot to ſay my prayers.

Ben. Go on, my good fellow!

O'Raf. So, your honour, I had got into the church porch, when I heard a fellow *axing* charity for a poor aſſaſſin!—Oh! ſays I, you *ax* charity for murdering, do you? Here is the charity you get from Pat. So I gives him a dowſe of the head, and laid him ſprawling!—Then up comes a great mob, and ſays I, Gentlemen, ſee what I have been doing for you, I have been pummeling a murderer!—Inſtead of thanking me as I naturally thought they would, they called me a ſacrilegious monſter, and wondered the earth did not open and ſwallow me up for my wickedneſs!—So they ſeized hold of me; and if it had not been for your honour, before now

now there would have been an end of poor Paddy O'Rafarty.

BEN. Well, well, I'll take care of you! I muſt ſee this fellow you ſpeak of—he may be one of the ruffians who attacked Florenzi.

O'RAF. I have ſeen him before, Sir; he was one that wanted to bind me 'prentice to the murdering buſineſs.

BEN. I am in hope to provide for you in a better way—Come with me, and I will dreſs you up to paſs for a great man.

O'RAF. Oh! that trade of a great man I ſhall like mightily!

BEN. Can you make love?

O'RAF. Can I make love? Oh! Sir, it is as natural to an Iriſhman as potatoes and butter-milk!

BEN. But can you make love to an old woman?

O'RAF. I never tried, Sir.

BEN. Then now you muſt begin—Come along with me, and I'll give you inſtructions.

[*Exit* Benini.

Manet O'RAFARTY.

O'RAF. Never fear, your honour, I will ſtick cloſe to you—I know better than to be lagging behind when I am on the road to preferment. Father Mc. Shane's prophecy has come true at laſt! Oh! Pat! Pat! you were born with a gold ſpoon in your mouth, you darling!

SONG.—O'RAFARTY.

Old father Mc. Shane he was holy and fat,
Sing faral lal, &c.
He ſprinkled my forehead and chriſtened me Pat;
Sing faral lal, &c.

He ſaid to my parents, You ugly old pair,
Arrah, how could you get ſuch a beautiful heir?
With your chi chi, &c.

Then father Mc. Shane he took hold of my chin,
Sing faral lal, &c.
And drank my ſucceſs in a noggin of gin;
Sing faral lal, &c.
Moreover he propheſied, certain as Fate,
If I liv'd to be big, I ſhould be mighty great.
With my chi chi, &c.

One day ſays my mother—ſure I was her joy!
Sing faral lal, &c.
My darling, you now are a hobblede hoy;
Sing faral la, &c.
To make a big fortune, Pat, ſeek out the way:
So at times I made love, and at times I made hay.
With my chi chi, &c.

Farewell to *young* maids, a rich *old* one appears;
Sing faral la, &c
I muſt now be in love with a lady in years:
Sing faral lal, &c.
Tho' elderly beauty is apt to be tough,
Let it tender the caſh, then it's tender enough.
For my chi chi, &c.

[*Exit.*

SCENE III.—CALIARI's *Houſe.*

Enter CALIARI.

CAL. The fidelity of this Lealto would render all my ſchemes abortive; ſince the attack on his maſter, which his curſed courage baffled, he watches his ſafety with lynx eyed vigilance.—But I have prepared his ruin. Diſmiſſion from his maſter's ſervice with infamy ſhall be the reward of his ill-timed attachment—Florenzi's grateful partiality to him muſt naturally create jealouſy in his other domeſtics—Their envy will I make my property—the engine of my deſigns.

Ex

Enter 1ſt ASSASSIN—*his Dreſs altered.*

CAL. Though unſucceſsful in your attempt on Florenzi's life, you have ſtill, I truſt, rendered me ſervice by inflaming the jealouſy of his fellow domeſtics againſt Lealto—Say, how have my plans ſucceeded?

1ſt Ass. In this diſguiſe which conceals me from diſcovery, I have, as you directed, thrown myſelf in the way of the domeſtics; but Lealto bears the favours his maſter has heaped on him with ſo much meekneſs, making his aſſociates all partakers of Florenzi's bounty, that in general they adore him, and laviſh praiſes on their lord for his grateful acknowledgement of his faithful ſervant's attachment.

CAL. What, am I ſo far foiled in all my ſchemes, that I have lived to prove a generous act rewarded and yet excite no envy? Man changes his very nature to defeat my purpoſes!

1ſt. Ass. No, no, Sir! All the world is not become ſo unnaturally good on purpoſe to ſpite you. In one of them I found the genuine ſpirit of malignity. He moſt cordially hates his fellow ſervant for having been rewarded by his maſter, and hates his maſter for rewarding his fellow ſervant—He waits your orders.

CAL. Admit him.

1ſt Ass. You will find him fit for your purpoſe. He has ſworn to act any villainy he ſhall be truſted with; and yet to this man Lealto has been particularly kind. [*Exit.*

CAL. That accounts for his conduct. Heap favours on a bad man, and you ſecure his laſting hate! In that breaſt where ſocial love does not exiſt,

exiſt, pride wears a kindneſs as a badge of ſlavery, and of an obligation feels nothing but the weight!

Enter 1ſt ASSASSIN *and* MALEVOLE.

CAL. I am informed of your readineſs to ſerve me—Then mark me: Lealto's diſmiſſion from Florenzi's ſervice muſt be our firſt aim. To effect that, contrive to ſteal from Florenzi ſome valuable jewel—if poſſible, Juliana's picture—I will inſtruct you ſo to diſpoſe of it, that it may appear the theft of Lealto—In the mean time I will frame other artifices to corroborate his apparent guilt—Away—Yet hold, another thought occurs—Your confederate [*To the Aſſaſſin*] who fled to ſanctuary, let him be inſtructed to accuſe Lealto as an agent in the attack made on his maſter.

1ſt Ass. He an agent!—He who reſiſted us ſo boldly!

CAL. No matter how improbable it appears, I will give it a colouring—This way—I will inform you further. [*Exeunt* Caliari, 1ſt Aſſaſſin, *and* Malevoli.]

SCENE IV.—*The Vineyard and Cottage.*

TOMASO, LEALTO *and* LAURETTA *diſcovered.*

TOMA. Welcome home, my dear lad!—Ah! I knew you were a boy of mettle—I have heard of your bravery, and of the valuable preſents the Lady Juliana and your Maſter have made you. That is as it ſhould be. Courage is a fine thing when one gets any thing by it.

LAUR. Oh, my dear Lealto, how happy your return has made your poor Lauretta!

LEAL. And did you often in my abſence think of Lealto? For my part, I had you always in my mind—Many and many a night have I laid in my tent without a wink of ſleep for thinking of you, though I have had a nice clean ſtraw bed, and all the luxuries a ſoldier could deſire.

TOMA. You are ſuch a bold dog, I dare ſay you muſt have killed a great many.

LEAL. It is a ſoldier's glory, when called to action, to do his duty; but when it is over, he has no pleaſure in boaſting that he has ſhed the blood of a fellow creature.

TOMA. Well, you want to be billing and cooing. So I leave you: Good b'ye, children. But, my dear Lealto, in war or peace always copy your betters, and take care of the main chance. [*Exit.*

LEAL. I will, Sir—my main chance is a good conſcience, and with that, and my dear girl, I'll glide through life, and a fig for riches.

DUET.

LEAL. The fineſt palace on the earth,
Wou'd fortune let me win it,
Would be to me of little worth
Without Lauretta in it.

LAUR. To leave the proudeſt, lovelieſt ſpot
I would not doubt a minute,
For barren heath, and rudeſt cot
With dear Lealto in it.

LEAL. To ſcrape up wealth, I've not the art,
To purchaſe coſtly pleaſure;
But I've an honeſt, merry heart,
And that's my only treaſure.

LAUR. From all their gems the rich would part,
And yield their ſtores with pleaſure,
To buy an honeſt, merry heart,
For that's the richeſt treaſure.

[*Exeunt into the Cottage.*

SCENE V.—VETERIA's *Houſe.*

Enter JANETTA.

JAN. Now, if my Miſtreſs has not heard of this young lover, how I ſhall gladden her old heart!—Here ſhe comes.

Enter VETERIA.

JAN. Oh, my Lady, my Lady! I don't know whether I am going to tell you a ſecret or no; but I wiſh you joy, Ma'am, with all my heart and ſoul.

VET. What is the matter with the girl?

JAN. Oh, Lord! Ma'am! Don't you know that you have got a new—a new——

VET. A new what?

JAN. A new Lover, Ma'am!

VET. A Lover, Child!

JAN. Yes, Ma'am, and a young one, and a handſome one.

VET. Young and handſome!

JAN. Yes, Ma'am, a foreign Nobleman, my Lady!—The whole city of Naples is full of it.

VET. It is the firſt word I have heard of it.

JAN. But, depend upon it, Ma'am, it won't be the laſt.

VET. I wonder whether it be true?

JAN. Lord, Ma'am, you can't doubt it.

VET. No, child—No—for I can tell you that ſome foreign countries have a great deal of taſte.—They don't ſeek beauty in the bud; but chuſe it full blown.

JAN. Ay, that *is* taſte; for who would be ſo ſilly to prefer a little roſe-bud, like me, to ſuch a fine large paſſion-flower as your Ladyſhip?

VET.

VET. I think I ſhall take pity on the youth.

JAN. Ah, pray do, Ma'am; for, if you refuſe him, the young Gentleman may grow deſperate, and put an end to his exiſtence—You could not be ſo cruel to let him.

VET. Oh, no, I have too much humanity to let a tender youth fall a ſacrifice—Love is an unruly paſſion.

JAN. Oh, very, Ma'am—And youth is ſo headſtrong.

VET. Ah! very true—So, between the violence of youth, and the paſſion of love together, if I ſhould not receive him with kindneſs, the conſequences might be fatal.

JAN. Ah, Madam, I could give you a diſmal hiſtory of the conſequences of treating a lover with cruelty!

BALLAD.

Lorenzo, rich and high in pow'r,
Fair Roſa to the altar led;
And now 't had reach'd the midnight hour,
And Roſa preſs'd her bridal bed.

She heard the op'ning of the door,
She ſaw around the taper's glare;
A footſtep ſounded on the floor,
She cried, My bridegroom, art thou there?

A ſhrouded arm the curtain drew,
While Roſa's heart was chill'd with fear;
Henry's pale ſpectre met her view,
And cried, Behold, thy bridegroom's here!

To me your vows of love you gave,
For you, falſe Roſa, have I died;
To my drear manſion, the cold grave,
I come to bear away my bride!

VET. Oh, diſmal!—Well, I will never be diſturbed by the ghoſt of a lover who fell a martyr

to my cruelty—No, child, your Miſtreſs is not ſo hard-hearted.—So be ſure, if he comes, you don't deny me. My fear is, he will think me cruel, and not venture to come at all. [*Exit* Veteria.

JAN. Oh, how I hope it may all be true! for, if ſhe is married herſelf, her heart will be ſoftened for other people; and then, may be, ſhe will let me be married too.

Enter NICOLO.

NIC. Ah, Janetta, I wiſh that happy day were come!

JAN. So do I, really and truly.

DUET.—JANETTA *and* NICOLO.

From that happy day,
So blytheſome and gay,
Grim care ſhall reach us never;
The ſmiles that we wear,
When to church we repair,
Shall deck our faces ever.

Our lamp of delight
Shall blaze ever bright,
Nor age be its conſumer;
For that ſteady flame
Burns always the ſame,
That's kindled by good humour.

SCENE VI.—FLORENZI's *Houſe.*

Enter LEALTO, MALEVOLE, *and* SERVANTS.

LEAL. Plague on it, how can my Maſter have loſt this picture? I would rather have loſt a year's wages, he frets ſo about it. Hang it, I can't bear to ſee him fret about any thing. Now do, my good lads, let us all look carefully after it; perhaps it is only miſlaid.

MAL.

MAL. He little ſuppoſes it is in his own pocket—there I have conveyed it; he will not think of looking in that place for it. So I hope it will remain quiet till it is ſearched for by others. [*Aſide.*

LEAL. I hope we may find it, and I am ſure we muſt.—If he loſt it, as he thinks, in this houſe, then it muſt be found.

MAL. To be ſure.—You don't think any of us would ſteal it.

LEAL. Any of you!—What, ſuſpect a ſervant would rob his maſter—ſteal from the hand that feeds and protects him—violate the confidence that repoſes property and life to his care?—No, no!—If there be ſuch a villain in the world, Nature would put a mark on his face, that honeſt men might know how to avoid him. Here comes my Maſter's friend the Marquis Caliari—About your buſineſs, my good lads—Look ſharp—now, pray, look ſharp. [*Exeunt* Mal. *and* Servants.

Enter CALIARI.

LEAL. I am glad you are come, my Lord. You will, I hope, be able to conſole my maſter for the loſs of my Lady Juliana's picture.

CAL. If he ſo much regrets the loſs of her portrait only, what would he ſay if he loſt the original?

LEAL. Nothing, my Lord—It would make him dumb at once, and carry death as certainly as a ſix-pounder diſcharged within a yard of him. Excuſe me, my Lord, I muſt continue my ſearch. [*Exit.*

CAL. And I will take care your maſter ſhall reward your diligence. Florenzi already is informed of the accuſation made by the ruffian, who fled to ſanctuary, of Lealto being a confederate in the

plot to assassinate him. This he at present treats with scorn, as a malicious effort in revenge for the failure of the attempt against the man who caused its defeat. This I concluded; but with my other plans it will have weight. Individual falsehoods are easily discerned as such; but multiply the lie, and it soon will swell into the form of truth.

Enter FLORENZI.

CAL. Florenzi, do you still persist totally to disregard the testimony against Lealto?

FLOR. I had entirely banished it. Could I give a moment's place in my mind to the unsupported accusation of a known villain against tried fidelity? Suspicion would then become a crime; and the man whose faith I have proved, and to whose bravery I owe my life, I should deem it base ingratitude to wrong even in my thoughts.

CAL. But caution still is needful.

FLOR. Yes, against a foe—against the man that I can prove intends me injury; but to case my heart in the cold guise of caution, at a friend's approach, were to chill the warm breast that glows with fond affection for me, and to rob myself of the sacred rapture social kindness can alone impart.

Enter LEALTO.

LEAL. My Lord Florenzi, I regret to tell you, with all our search, we have not been fortunate enough to find my Lady Juliana's picture.

CAL. Her picture's loss is less a grievance now, as your Lord will so shortly be blessed with the beauteous original.

LEAL. That is my only consolation, my Lord. To be sure, when my master was awa from her

ady-

Ladyſhip, it was a very pretty little ſubſtitute. How he uſed to gaze at it, and talk to it, and kiſs it! But, however, as it could not talk and kiſs again, it would moſt likely at preſent be neglected for the object that can.

FLOR. But to loſe her firſt preſent, her miniature!

LEAL. Ah! my Lord, never mind!—She will make you a preſent of a great many miniatures as much alive as herſelf.

Enter MALEVOLE *with a Letter.*

LEAL. [*Taking the letter from* Malevole.] My Lord, a letter for you!

MAL. No; it is for you, Lealto.

LEAL. For me! Then could not you have waited till my maſter was gone? What do you mean by intruding yourſelf in my Lord's company, to give a ſervant a letter? Get away with you! [*Exit* Malevole.

CAL. Do you obſerve, Florenzi, his repugnance at receiving that letter in your preſence?—I do ſuſpect him much—Queſtion him concerning it.

FLOR. Nay, Marquis, pry into my ſervant's ſecrets!

CAL. But to ſatisfy my ſcruples, Florenzi, I entreat you will. The eaſineſs of your nature lays you too open to villainy—Pray interrogate him.

FLOR. Doubts of his faith I have none; but to acquit him from your ſuſpicions I will. Lealto, to inquire into ſecrets is, I own, reprehenſible; otherwiſe I ſhould like to have my curioſity indulged in knowing the contents of that letter.

LEAL. I have no correſpondent but my miſtreſs: It muſt come from her; and ſurely, my lord,

you

you would not wish to pry into the secrets of lovers.

FLOR. You see, Marquis, 'tis from his mistress; let us enquire no further.

CAL. Your master has made you the confidant of *his* passion—'tis hard you should refuse to entrust him with *yours*.

LEAL. Nay, for that matter, my Lord, my dealings in love, as well as in all my concerns, are, I trust, fair and open. I am not one of those men who act on the cowardly system of fair dealing with one another, yet are careless what deceit they practise on a poor woman. No; he is neither a soldier nor a man who turns foe, where 'tis nature's command he should be a friend and protector. Take the letter, my Lord—I am sure you will find nothing in it there should not be, bating a poor girl's partiality in thinking higher of me than I deserve.

FLOR. [*Puts the letter back with his hand.*]

CAL. [*Snatches it and reads.*]

"TO LEALTO.

"IN the attack on your master, which you pledged yourself to assist, I am at a loss to account for your taking so very active a part against your associates, as to render the design abortive. Your promise was only to make a shew of aiding him in the onset, and then to take occasion to wound him in the scuffle. If you had been true to your engagement, he would not now be alive to give you, or me your employer, further trouble. As you have received the reward for his death, I conclude you will still have manhood enough to fulfil your agreement."

FLOR.

FLOR. Lealto!

LEAL. My Lord! [*petrified with horror.*]

FLOR. Did I expect this from you?

LEAL. Why, my Lord!—My Lord!—Rage!—Horror, choke me!——I join in a murder!—To murder my maſter!——I wiſh I could cry!——I ſhall run mad!

FLOR. I am thunderſtruck!

CAL. Now blame my ſuſpicions. [*Aſide to* Florenzi.]

LEAL. Oh! villainy!—Whom have I wronged?—What injury have I committed againſt any creature in the world, that ſuch a diabolical plan ſhould be laid for my ruin? If you believe me guilty, Sir, kill, kill me this inſtant, I entreat you. I ſhall then 'ſcape the horror of living to be hated by you: And if my innocence ſhall in future be manifeſt, I know your goodneſs will drop a tear on my grave, to the memory of an injured man who loved you.

FLOR. He is not, cannot be guilty!

CAL. Will you doubt what appears as clear as light?

FLOR. Does not his former honeſty, does not his preſent anguiſh, diſprove the imputation?

Enter MALEVOLE.

MAL. My Lord, pardon my boldneſs in offering your Lordſhip advice: But I have ſtrong reaſon to ſuſpect ſome of your own domeſtics are concerned in the theft of the Lady Juliana's picture. Your ordering ſtrict ſearch to be made among them might lead to detection of the guilty, and be a ſatisfaction to the innocent.

CAL. Well ſuggeſted!—And I adviſe, Florenzi, that you begin with Lealto.

FLOR.

FLOR. I cannot inſult his anguiſh with ſuch baſe ſuſpicions.

CAL. Let me entreat you—If he be guilty in this particular, it will confirm the whole of which at preſent you ſeem ſo doubtful. Sure any thing that may give full confirmation is deſirable.

FLOR. Then be it ſo.

CAL. [*To* Malevole.] Firſt ſearch about his apparel.

LEAL. Well, well, well!—Oh! Heaven, did I think I ſhould live to be ſearched as a thief, and in my maſter's houſe! [Malevole *draws out a poignard ſheathed from* Lealto's *pocket.*]

CAL. What is that concealed weapon?

LEAL. A poignard I wreſted from an aſſaſſin who aimed it at my maſter's life. Little did I imagine, when I forced it from the hand that would have ſtruck it to my lord's heart, that I ſhould have been charged as an accomplice with the villain who owned it.

FLOR. No more!—No more! [*To* Malevole.] —I am aſhamed of ſuſpecting you on any accuſation, my good Lealto. [*At the inſtant he comes up to* Lealto *to embrace him,* Malevole *draws out the picture.*]

FLOR. What do I ſee?—The very picture!

LEAL. [*After a long pauſe.*] I am the victim of complicated villainy, and I ſee my ruin is complete. Come!—Where am I to go?—Bear me to priſon! to death!—To death, I beg of you, and let it be ſoon; or my own anguiſh will ſave the executioner his labour, and rob my foes of the pleaſure of beholding an innocent man die the death of a villain. Come, bear me away!

FLOR. Hold!—I will not be the inſtrument of your

your punishment—Be that the task of your own conscience.

LEAL. My Lord, if you wish me punished, I warn you not to trust to my conscience for it—that is still my friend: and, wretched as I am at this moment, an object of resentment and abhorrence, where I most wished for esteem; I would not forfeit the consolation I receive here, for the riches of the world and the applause of all mankind.

FLOR. Leave me, and never let me again behold you! [*Offers a purse.*]—Take that; and to your necessities I will ever be a friend.

LEAL. No, no, my Lord!—When I had your good opinion, I was proud of your rewards; but, knowing myself an honest man, I will never be dishonoured by receiving the alms which pity prompts you to offer the necessities of an imputed assassin. Farewell, my Lord! [*Returning*]—I have a favour yet to ask of you—Guard yourself from your enemies; be yourself careful of your safety: For, when I am gone, I am not sure you have those about you who will take that trouble off your hands. Heaven bless and protect you! [*Exit* Leal *on one side, the rest on the other.*]

END *of the* SECOND ACT.

ACT III.

SCENE *before* LAURETTA's *Cottage.*

Enter LEALTO.

SO, I have reached Lauretta's cottage—thanks to inſtinct for bringing me where I can find the only friend I have now on earth! An hour ago I was on good terms, as I thought, with all the world; and now I am an outcaſt, charged with theft and intended murder. Oh! oh! how it makes me ſhudder! But I won't droop—That I leave to the guilty. "Knowing myſelf an honeſt "man, why ſhould I turn my own enemy, and aſ- "ſiſt the malice of my foes by dejection and de- "ſpair?" No; while I poſſeſs the purity of honeſty, I will not, like a coward, part with its tranquillity.

As he is going into the cottage TOMASO *comes out.*

TOMA. Ah! my boy, my ſon, welcome, welcome! How happy the ſight of you makes me! Come to my arms! How kind it is of your maſter to let you come and ſee us ſo often!

LEAL. My maſter has diſpenſed with all further commands over me—I am now on the wide world, my own maſter. Come, father, let me ſee Lauretta!—I have had plenty of affliction to-day, and I want her ſmiles to diſpel it.

TOMA. Hold, hold, young man!—Let you ſee Lauretta indeed!—Not quite ſo haſty.—Your maſ-

ter has discarded you, you say—Has he settled a pension on you?

LEAL. He would have done, but I refused it.

TOMA. You did—did you?—The young man is mad!—Refuse money when it was offered!—Oh! he is a lunatic, and I am too good a father to trust my daughter to a madman!—Keep off! keep off! and do take some good advice!—A few cooling draughts!—But now you are turned out of your master's house you will have nothing but cooling draughts.—The limpid stream—ah! it is very wholesome! You have been pampered with high living, and ate and drank yourself into a fever. Good b'ye, Lealto!—Take care of yourself—You look very wild indeed. [*Exit into the cottage.*]

LEAL. Unfeeling, avaricious wretch! — Sure my Lauretta will not treat me thus!—No; I will not suspect her truth.—Who come here? [*Retires.*

Enter ASSASSINS *and* MALEVOLE.

1st Ass. You have managed dexterously [*to* Malevole.]—We have got rid of that fellow Lealto's troublesome courage and honesty—Now it is all smooth sailing.—We may depend on you?

MAL. Yes—you may trust me for executing all I have promised. What I have done already in stealing the picture, and placing it so as to appear Lealto's theft, and procuring his dismission, proves I am in earnest.

LEAL. [*From behind.*] Oh! you damned villain!

1st Ass. You say you will let us into your master's chamber at night: We can then settle the business in a decent quiet manner.

LEAL. Into my master's chamber!

3d Ass. Ay, ay, we'll kill him when he is asleep, or at any rate when he is unarmed. When we have a job of this kind to settle, I like to have it done in as genteel a manner as possible, without any scuffle.

LEAL. Infernal bloody villains! [*Approaching nearer to listen.*]

1st Ass. What is that?—I heard a step. [*They turn round and see* Lealto.] Here's this damned honest rascal in our way again!

MAL. He sha'n't remain in our way long! [*Going to stab him.*]

1st Ass. Hold!—To avoid detection, don't kill him now—we have not time to bury him; and the discovery of his body may lead to detection. Bear him to our house of rendezvous, to Lupo's hut; there he will remain safe till we have dispatched his master; and we can then kill him at our leisure—Bring him along!

LEAL. Hold off, villains! murderers! [*They disarm him, and point their pistols at him.*]

1st Ass. Another word, and you meet your death!—March, and march silently! [*Exeunt, with their pistols still levelled at him.*]

SCENE II.—*Before* VETERIA'S *House.* O'RAFARTY *brought on in a chair finely dressed. Chairmen stop at* VETERIA'S *Door.*

1st CH. This is Marchesa Veteria's house, signior.

O'RAF. 'Faith, and I am heartily glad of it—So let me out, you vagabonds. I am mighty pleased to have the use of my limbs again. I had rather carry such a thing a whole day, than ride in it a quarter

quarter of an hour. It is far more natural and pleaſant to be trotting between the poles, than to be packed up in the caſe.—And, devil burn ye! you have got ſuch a curſed jolt with you.—Can't you be eaſy and ſmooth in your motions? [*Shewing them the right motion.*] You may be called very good chairmen in Naples; but you would not get a teſter a week in Dublin. If I had not myſelf the new trade of a gentleman to learn, I would take a pleaſure in teaching theſe fellows their buſineſs a little better. Knock at the door, you ſpalpeens! [*They knock—Servant opens it.*] and now be off with you; for I had rather walk fifty miles, than be carried home again. [*They carry chair off.*] Now for the lady—and mind your gallantry, Paddy, for the honour of old Ireland. [*Enters the houſe.*]

SCENE III.—*Inſide of* VETERIA's *Houſe.*

VETERIA. JANETTA *enters.*

JAN. Oh madam! madam!—The ſtranger is come.

VET. Is he? Oh delightful!—But, Janetta, is he young?

JAN. Yes, ma'am.

VET. And handſome?

JAN. Yes, ma'am.—Oh here he comes, ma'am, here he comes! [*Exit* Janetta.

Enter O'RAFARTY.

VET. Sir! [*Curtſying.*]

O'RAF. Oh madam, madam! [*Bowing very low.*]

VET. The honour you do me is prodigious.

O'RAF.

O'RAF. Very prodigious, madam.

VET. Sir!

O'RAF. Madam—'Faith, I am bothered a little. I had conned over a bit of a ſpeech to make to her; but ſhe is ſo curſed ugly ſhe has frightened every word out of my head. [*Aſide.*]

VET. Elegant youth! His confuſion gets the better of him. How amiable baſhfulneſs appears, when united to ſuch grace of perſon and poliſhed addreſs!

O'RAF. Pat—Pat—pluck up your courage, my boy—Don't diſparage your country—Never let it be ſaid an Iriſhman flinched from a petticoat, though it was ever ſuch an old one. [*Aſide.*] Madam—madam, the love I have for your ladyſhip can't be expreſſed—it overpowers me—When I look at your ladyſhip, I forget all I came for.—'Faith, well I may; for I came to make love, and who the devil can remember to do that when he looks in your face? [*Aſide.*]

VET. Sir, I make every allowance for your amiable embarraſſment.

O'RAF. Many thanks to your ladyſhip, I ſhall be better by and by.—I am apt to be flurried when I come into company I never ſaw before.

VET. Never ſaw before! Sir, I underſtood you had ſeen me often before.

O'RAF. Oh very often—I mean, madam—I mean that—I don't rightly know what I mean.

VET. Is it his timidity that has ſuch a ſtrange effect on his utterance? Sir, I beg your pardon; but there is ſomething ſo peculiar in your manner of ſpeaking, that I am at a loſs to know from what it proceeds.

O'RAF. Yes, ma'am, I have always been told there was ſomething very ſoft and tender in my tones.

tones. To be ſure there is a thing called a brogue, ma'am, which ſome of my countrymen have.

VET. I fancy that is what I mean.

O'RAF. Oh ma'am, that is impoſſible; you can't mean what I have not got: No, I never had the leaſt touch of it. I was always famous in Dublin for being as ſoft ſpoken a lad as ever cried "Chair, your honour?" [*In a very rough tone.*]

VET. As ever cried Chair, your honour! What do you mean, ſir?

O'RAF. Oh devil burn it, where is my tongue trotting to?—Oh, Chair, your honour, is a ſaying, madam, among us young lads of faſhion in Dublin, as we ſtand about the ſteps of the Parliament-houſe.—No, no, ma'am, as we ſtand *in* the parliament-houſe, that is, madam—I beg your pardon—But what I—have hinted at, is a kind of parliamentary ſecret—that it is againſt the rules of the houſe to mention to a ſtranger.

VET. I would not wiſh to enquire into ſecrets. A man of your conſequence in your own country muſt be truſted with many things of great importance.

O'RAF. Truſted, ma'am! It would ſurpriſe you to think of the valuable parcels I have been truſted with—Not a chairman in all Ireland, be the other who he will——

VET. Sir!—Chairman!

O'RAF. Yes, chairman—that is, chairman—Oh that is another parliamentary word—So, if you pleaſe, we will drop the chair and the chairman too.

VET. Any thing you pleaſe, ſir—Your family, I preſume, is of great rank and antiquity?

O'RAF. You may ſay that—When you talk of family, there Pat is at home to a peg.

VET.

VET. Pray, ſir, have none of your family travelled before?

O'RAF. Oh yes, ma'am, a great many—"They "formerly were mightily addicted to going to "America; but lately they have confined their "viſits to a certain famous place they call Botany "Bay, ma'am;" and ſuch attention is paid them, that they are always ſent at the expence of Government.

VET. Honourable reward of merit!

O'RAF. Oh, to ſay truth—there is no more done for them than they richly deſerve.

VET. How proud I ought to be of the attention you have honoured me with!

O'RAF. Why then, ma'am, ſay no more; but that you will make me happy. I ſhall be a pretty neat little huſband for you—I proteſt I have a family regard for you—You are ſo like my grandmother.

VET. Like your grandmother!

O'RAF. I beg your pardon—I mean like a picture of her, done when ſhe was as young and beautiful as your ladyſhip.

VET. Young and beautiful!—Oh you make me bluſh.

O'RAF. And won't you take me for better for worſe?

VET. How can I refuſe you?

O'RAF. Oh my darling! Ah Pat, you have done it, you have done it, you coaxing rogue you! [*Aſide.*]

VET. But I muſt leave you for a moment, and try to overcome the confuſion my acknowledgement has cauſed me.

O'RAF. No; ſtay, my love, and let us be confuſed together.

SONG.

SONG.——O'RAFARTY.

The ſweet kiſs of my dear!—is like muſty old hay;
Fal de ral fal de ral la.
She's as lovely as morning—a morning that's grey.
With a fal de ral, &c.

Nature's ſweet red and white in her countenance lyes;
Fal de ral, &c.
For ſhe's white in her lips, and ſhe's red in her eyes.
With a fal de ral, &c.

Your look is juſt that which is majeſty ſtyl'd;
Fal de ral, &c.
So awful—it frightens man, woman, and child.
With a fal de ral, &c.

I'll wed you in church, juſt to ſhew my regard;
Fal de ral, &c.
Then lovingly--bury you in the church-yard.
With a fal de ral, &c.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*Inſide of a wretched gloomy Habitation. The Houſe of* LUPO.

Enter LUPO *and* ASSASSINS *bringing in* LEALTO.

1ſt Ass. To your care, Lupo, we leave this fellow. We ſha'n't trouble you to give him houſe-room long—Keep him faſt till we return, and then we will fit him for a habitation that ſhall be a laſting one.

LUP. I don't think he will eaſily get away; the windows are pretty well barr'd, and the door ſomewhat ſtrong. So, if it does not ſuit you to come again very ſoon, a few days faſting will do the job for you; for I ſha'n't interrupt his meditations by calling him to his meals.

1ſt Ass. Come, let's away—Your maſter's buſineſs ſettled, we will not be long before we pay you a viſit. [*Exeunt,* Lupo *locking the door.*

LEAL. Oh my dear maſter!—The villains have him now! No faithful hand near to ſuccour him or die with him! "I ſee the monſters ſtealing on him, unſuſpicious of his danger;—they ſtrike him;—his hand flies to his ſword—they redouble their wounds—he ſtaggers—the fiends bury their daſtardly poignards in him. He ſinks to the ground weltering in his blood—Oh, I cannot bear it! It ſha'n't be! What is to be done?" Hark! [*Hears a noiſe at the door.*] Somebody is at the door—They repent their delay, and are come to diſpatch me. Oh that my death would ſatisfy them, and ſave my dear maſter! [*Noiſe again*] Again! [*Noiſe as if door opening*] They ſha'n't have my life for nothing. [*Draws his poignard from his boſom and runs toward the door, which opens, and enter* Lauretta. *As the door opens he makes the motion of ſtabbing, but checks his arm on ſeeing a woman.* Lauretta, *drawing back, falls on her knee. He recognizes her, and runs to embrace her. Then enter* Nicolo *dragging in* Lupo.]

LEAL. Amazement! How came you here? Tell me—tell me.

LAU. We ſaw thoſe villains ſeize you—My brother would on the ſpot have ruſhed to your aſſiſtance; but finding their intention was not your immediate deſtruction, I checked him from attempting what muſt have been fatal to you both. With caution we watched you hither, and waited the ruffians quitting the place. The guard they left over you is, you ſee, in his power.

LEAL. Thanks, my dear girl! thanks, my brave fellow! And now, Mr. Guard, I ſhall make bold to leave you for my hoſtage. Come, let us haſte and try if it be poſſible to ſave my dear maſter.

[*Exeunt, leaving* Lupo *in the priſon.*

SCENE

SCENE V.—BENINI's *House.*—*A large Party.*—*Music, &c.*—BENINI, FLORENZI, CALIARI, JULIANA, *&c.*

BEN. Let me have nothing but jollity. Let me ſee it in every motion, hear it in every ſound. What do we live for but to be happy? And, my pretty one [*to one of the Ladies*], grant me the honour of your fair hand, and I will make the young dogs aſhamed of themſelves. Come, ſtrike up!

[*Dance, in which* Benini *leads.*

FLOR. Bravo, Sir! You are the youngeſt man in the room.

BEN. That is paying me no great compliment; for a young fellow now-a-days is a mighty inſipid thing—a piece of ſtill life, that does nothing but lounge and yawn, pick his teeth, and look in the glaſs; and if he wants any thing he can't reach without riſing, he will very gallantly deſire a lady to hand it to him. They ſeem to have been the produce of a general lethargy.—No, no; I don't expect theſe many years to be ſo helpleſs as your young fellows.

CAL. Your reproof and example will make them ſhake off their indolence.

BEN. No, hang them—they are too dull to be rouſed, and too conceited to be inſtructed; and my buſineſs is to enjoy life, and not loſe time in attempting to wake thoſe who had rather be aſleep.

CAL. When there is no harmony within, the ſweeteſt ſounds grate harſhly on the ear.—The mind itſelf in diſcord ſhrinks from the tone of melody as the dæmon ſhudders at the ſeraph's view, blaſted with purity. What joy beams on Florenzi's face! What bliſs he fondly thinks prepared for him!—Deluded man! Thy marriage-garment is—a ſhroud; thy bridal-bed—a ſepul-

chre. The time draws near: I'll hence to see my ruffians stationed for the deed. Florenzi, gaze thy fill—those eyes will ne'er again behold the object of their bliss. [*Exit* Caliari.

Flor. Oh Juliana! while I thus dwell in rapture on thy heavenly charms, and paint the years of happiness that wait to crown our love, I almost faint with transport, and nature scarce has strength to bear the mighty joy.

Jul. May Heaven avert misfortune from us, that we may ever live thus blessed, and our last steps of life be lighted by the flame of pure affection, bright as it burns this instant!

Ben. You lovers are unsociable beings; you mind nobody but yourselves:—So let's leave them to their sighing and dying, and we'll be jolly.

SONG—Benini and Chorus.

Ben. Though years glide away,
Be jolly and gay,
And banish all cares that are weighty.
Cho. Tho' years glide away, &c.
Ben. If all here's at rest,
You'll feel in your breast,
That you're not an old man when you're eighty.
Cho. If all here's at rest, &c.
Ben. They're falsely call'd wise,
Who frolick despise,
And for happiness cannot find leisure.
Cho. They're falsely call'd, &c.
Ben. True wisdom still smiles
At whim's playful wiles,
And lives in the palace of Pleasure.
Cho. True wisdom, &c. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE.—Florenzi's *Bedchamber.*

Enter Caliari *and* Assassins, *conducted by* Malevole.

1st Ass. [*To* Caliari.] You need not have doubted

ed us; we ſhould have done our duty without your preſence.

CAL. I know it; but as his death alone can ſet my heart at reſt, I would not loſe an inſtant in knowing it accompliſhed.—But to your place of concealment.

MAL. (*Pointing to a cloſet.*) There you may remain till the time fit for your purpoſe. When my maſter has taken off his ſword, which I will ſecure, I will then give you a watch-word.

1ſt Ass. What ſhall it be?

MAL. You ſhall hear me ſay to him, "'Tis "a dark night, my Lord." Let that be your ſignal for ruſhing on him.

1ſt Ass. We will obſerve, "'Tis a dark night, "my Lord."

CAL. Hark, a noiſe.—Hence to your ſtation. [*They retire into the cloſet*; Malevole *ſets about arranging things in the room.*]

Enter FLORENZI.

FLOR. [*muſing.*] Though within reach of all the happineſs I prize on earth, in calling Juliana mine; yet a ſtrange heavineſs hangs on my heart —I have no thought to wound me but Lealto's treachery, and that cuts deep!—Where we repoſe no confidence, we are prepared to encounter injury!—Man knows the ocean faithleſs, and caſes himſelf in the tough bark to buffet with its rage: but to the earth, whoſe ſteady aſpect and imputed firmneſs beguile him to ſecurity, he truſts implicitly—and from her hollow-working, oft finds deſtruction!—[*Takes off his ſword, and lays it on the table.*] Reach me that book. [Malevole *gives him a book, and, when* Florenzi *begins to read, removes the ſword from the table.*]

MAL.

MAL. 'Tis a dark night, my Lord!

FLOR. [*Juſt looks at him, and makes no anſwer. The* Aſſaſſins *ſteal from concealment,* Caliari *behind them. As they approach down the ſtage, a ſide door burſts open, and* Lealto *and* Nicolo *enter with* Soldiers, *who point their muſquets at them.*]

FLOR. [*Seeing* Lealto.] Ha! Am I at length a victim to your villainy?

LEAL. No, my Lord! the villainy is t'other ſide of you. Down with your arms, dogs!—Secure that traitor!—[*pointing to* Malevole. Aſſaſſins *throw down their arms*—Caliari *is retreating,* Lealto *ſeizes him.*]

LEAL. And you, Signior Devil in maſquerade, don't you think to eſcape: We muſt be favoured with a view of your infernal viſage. [*Takes off* Caliari's *maſk.*]

FLOR. Heavens! Caliari!

CAL. Yes—Caliari.—Reproach me not, 'twill be but waſting breath: Thou canſt not paint me to myſelf more like a dæmon than my own heart reflects me.—I loved you once, Florenzi; and had I ne'er beheld thy miſtreſs, I might have loved thee ſtill, and ſprung as eagerly to ſave thy life as he to whom thou oweſt it—[*pointing to* Lealto.] But raging jealouſy tore out each germ of friendſhip from my ſoul, and planted there hell's deadlieſt hate!—Thy life or mine was ſet upon a caſt! Fortune has made thee victor!—Bear me to death!—Farewell, Florenzi! [*Exit* Caliari, *guarded.*]

FLOR. I ſcarce can realize theſe wonders—Oh! my Lealto, how have I wronged thee!

LEAL. Don't ſay a word about that, my Lord. Bear away thoſe villains to anſwer for their crimes.

[*Exeunt* Aſſaſſins *and* Soldiers.

FLOR.

FLOR. And leſt the alarm ſhould reach my love, ſome of you, go to the Count Benini's, and bear the tidings of my ſafety. [*Exeunt ſome Attendants.*] But by what miracle did you come ſo opportunely to my reſcue?

LEAL. My Lord, "as ſoon as I have introduced "you to a little angel, without whoſe aſſiſtance we "ſhould neither of us have been alive, I'll tell "you." [*Goes to the door, and leads in* Lauretta.] This little heroine, with this brave fellow's aid, contrived to let me out of a cage, where I was cooped to prevent my preſerving you. I had learned the time and place theſe Gentlemen of the Poignard intended to perform their office on you.—As fortune would have it, we met in our way this party of your own brave troops; and by this key (which in my diſmiſſion I forgot to return) I led them the private way into the houſe, and waited the time of attack, that the offenders might be taken in a manner that ſhould leave no doubt of their guilt.

FLOR. "I glow at once with gratitude for my "obligations to you, and with ſhame for my paſt "uſage."

Enter JULIANA. *She runs into* FLORENZI'S *arms.*

FLOR. My Juliana!

JUL. Is my Florenzi ſafe?

FLOR. Yes, deareſt Juliana! Thanks to that generous injured man! [*Pointing to* Lealto.

Enter BENINI, O'RAFARTY, VETERIA *and* JANETTA.

BEN. Where is my ſon, and his brave deliverer? Oh! that damned, malignant, murdering marquis!

O'RAF. I hope you will not be letting people murder

murder you every night in this riotous way—it is a great disturbance to the neighbourhood; not that for my own part I much mind being called up in the night, now I am married.

VET. That is very rude of you!

O'RAF. Oh no, my darling! I mean, that now I am a rich man, and have nothing to do, if I am disturbed in the night, I have only to lie a-bed all day.

BEN. Well, my Lady, you have got a husband at last!

O'RAF. Yes, and a very tight bit of a husband too!

BEN. You may be don't know you have to thank me for him?

VET. You!

BEN. Yes, me! I gave him his patent of nobility!

VET. What, is he not descended from the old Irish kings?

O'RAF. That I'll take my oath of, if you please, before the sitting alderman.

BEN. But I believe no great deal of their territories remain in the family?

O'RAF. Not a spot big enough to plant a potatoe in!

BEN. Well, that defect is remedied; and I believe you may safely say you are now richer than any of your royal ancestors.—You are an honest fellow; and I am glad to have put you in the way of a fortune, and at the same time given my old friend here a good husband.—And now, [*to* Florenzi *and* Juliana] my children, to-morrow shall crown your happiness.

LEAL. And mine too, my little deliverer, sha'n't it?

LAUR. If I said no, you would not believe me.

JAN.

JAN. And we are another pair, who wiſh to join the wedding party, with my Lady Veteria's leave.

O'RAF. My Lady likes marriage too well herſelf to deny any body the comforts of it—You'll let them marry, and give them ſomething to make the pot boil, won't you, my darling?

VET. She is a good girl, and I will do ſomething handſome for her.

FLOR. Now, my Lealto, all that is in the power of wealth to add to your felicity, I offer, as a poor acknowledgment for ſuch unſhaken faith and perſevering bravery—And, deareſt Juliana, while we omit no kind occaſion to gladden every hour's life of theſe our generous protectors; let us in no future moment, amidſt the ſcenes of gay feſtivity, be unmindful of our gratitude to that all-ruling Providence, whoſe goodneſs ſaved me in the midſt of unſuſpected peril, and puniſhed villainy at the inſtant of expected triumph.

FINALE.

Let the ſwell of harmony
Speak our heart's felicity:
We the richeſt joy can know,
Having ſipt the cup of woe.

He who baſks in ſummer ſkies
Views the ſun with cheerleſs eyes,
While they bleſs his fainteſt ray,
Who have felt the wint'ry day.

THE END.

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